

Good Morning

25

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

OLD WIVES' CURES

BY A DOCTOR

SOME of the cures of ailments that science has been finding out lately are not such discoveries after all. There are old wives in this country (Britain) who still stick to old-fashioned cures of generations ago, and get results, too. Some of them are very "scientific," but, of course, the majority are not quite so.

A recent tour through the highways and byways of Britain has revealed to me that I don't know "everything" about medicine, and I confess that I have found some of the "old wives' cures" to be, in some cases, real remedies.

Anyway, I have been collecting these recipes for many years of my professional life, and here are some I have come across which may interest submarine men. Although, I must say, these "cures" may not be what I myself would apply for the ailments.

In a certain village in the Midlands I found a child limping along the floor of her home. I asked if she had hurt her foot. No, she had been told by her granny to put slices of potato between the soles of her feet and her stockings to cure her of whooping-cough.

In another county I was called to an old man who had been badly stung by bees. He was indignant that I should

have been called, "for," he said, "I got the bees to sting me. I wanted them to sting me."

When I asked what he did that for, he answered that he was bothered by rheumatism and the sting of bees was the only cure!

I confess that I had heard of this before. I am inclined to think it true—but not all the science of medicine can tell us why bee stings cure rheumatism.

In Lancs I was told by an old woman that whooping-cough was always more deadly when it attacked a girl than when it attacked a boy. I argued with her about that; but what was my surprise to find that the figures of the Registrar-General prove she was actually speaking the truth.

I met a woman herbalist in Devon who stated that she could cure lumbago by running a double line of ordinary cotton around the bare waist of the person assailed. And the unbelievable thing is that such a "cure" took place, although I am inclined to think it was faith cure!

A woman doctor I know wears anti-rheumatic ear-rings, and believes in them. In Cornwall I met an old lady who always kept an onion in her handbag to cure sciatica.

I get around

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

EVEN local travel is a headache these days, and although London is better off than most cities, numerous complaints have been received about the infrequency of some buses. The only grievance I have against London buses is their speed. I find it tiresome to sit as long as two minutes at certain stopping-places.

Drivers are allowed one minute's error in twenty, and that is the reason for the crawling, a conductor told me recently.

When they get within about twenty minutes of their depot or terminus they "speed-up" or "go slow," with the result that passengers are considerably hindered and annoyed when other buses overtake them.

Conductors and drivers have their own code of signals. To start a bus the conductor gives two rings on the bell. If they are given sharply it means they are behind schedule. If given slowly, with an appreciable interval between them, it means that they are running in front of time.

BEAUTIFUL Norwegian film star Greta Gyn has a plan.

A plan for the healing of the nerves of children who have suffered in the raids on the South Coast.

Eurhythmics is the answer, she thinks, and she has suggested that schools for encouraging this art—which gives its students a calmness of mind and repose of the body through graceful and carefully planned courses of movements, should be opened.

You may remember Miss

WITH A YAWN—



—A DAY IS BORN

GOGGLES agrees with every dog having his day—but he hates having his day start too early.

It was quite a job of work for Tony to prise that pup from that pillow on which we left his contented head in No. 21 of "Good Morning."

But it had to be done, for, as Tony confided in me, "If I don't take Goggles out reg'larly before I go to school, he might be uncomfortable all morning—and if he did any nonsense about the house he'd get spanked."

To Save Goggle's Skin

Now, the last thing in life which Tony wants to see is Goggles in any kind of trouble.

Tony would never give his mind to his morning lessons if he thought there was the ghost of a chance of Goggles getting spanked for setting up a pool game of his own.

So down the stairs and out into the chill grey light of morning a sleepy pup is carried, with a yawn of protest against being asked to swap a warm bed for a cold lamp-post.

And across a few hundred yards of blitz-space Goggles leads the war with an air that seems to say, "Let's-get-it-over-quickly-and-back-to-bed."

Tony Has Other Ideas

This morning Tony thought of a bright one. He knows where, in a static water reservoir constructed on the site of one-time cellars, a pair of ducks have made their home. He saw 'em last night when he wandered round here with a pal.

"Now, if they're only there this morning—and if they're swimmin' around—that'll wake Goggles up—prob'ly bark his head off!"

The static water is reached, Goggles is hoisted on to the surrounding wall, and the ducks are—still asleep, squatting on the jutting remains of a wall.

Not a feather stirs—not a quack comes across the water to reach the eye or ear of Goggles. In vain Tony tries to get him to look in the right place.

Then slowly . . . slowly the eyelids of Goggles droop and droop, as thoughts of that bed persist in the puppy mind. . . Hell! Why should a pup be awakened before lunch-time, anyway?

'S'ridiculous!

E. G. S.

Gynt from her London debut in Regent's Park, where she played in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

A SOMEWHAT similar scheme is rapidly becoming the vogue in the women's services, and also, I hear, in typists' offices, nursing homes and other places wherein the gentle sex abide. This scheme, founded in order to defeat the inconveniences that go with the shortage of corsets, is based on the Yogi principal. Here, as in Miss Gynt's plan, breathing exercises play a prominent part.

An advertisement for a school which is specialising in this treatment reads: "Develop your own 'muscle girdle'—the rubber ones are going the way of butter and oranges."

THE following appeared on the front page of a South Coast newspaper this week:—"Not a single woman with children who has been engaged in fire-watching has taken advantage of the exemption and asked to be relieved."

Well now, who would have thought it?

JUDGE BENJAMIN LINDSAY, whose support of trial marriage made him the centre of a great public controversy some time ago, died recently at the age of 73, in Los Angeles.

His view was that young people should live together and get acquainted before being church'd—and his expression of this opinion got him ousted from the legal profession. Lindsay, who came to Eng-

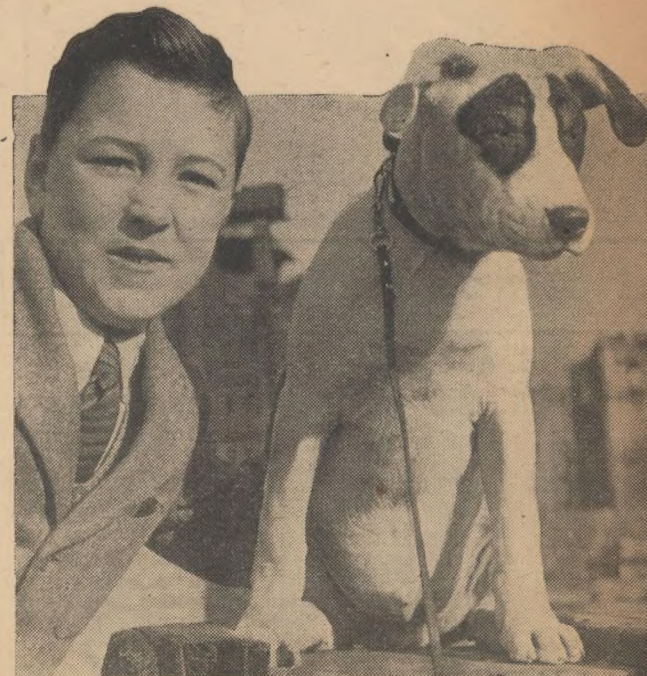


land in March, 1918, stated at the time that his mission was "of a unique nature."

He is reported to have said "Moral character and sound health are as essential to the war effort as are machine guns and marksmen."

The Judge returned to the U.S.A. some weeks later, "having paved the way for a new moral strategy."

I wonder if it ever worked out?



"It's no use," says Tony. "Now, if only Goggles could see a cat, things'd be diff'rent. But unless he does, 'fraid he'll just go right to sleep again!"



MISS GRETA GYN

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. Who was the character in the Bible not mentioned by name and who died a death no one has died since?
2. Ice is lighter than water—true or false?
3. Whence came the often-repeated line, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"?
4. The Ides of March, 44 B.C. A fortune-teller was right about what?
5. Who was the hunter of the Golden Fleece?
6. Who dozed off on a hunting trip and slept for 20 years?
7. Where's your longest bone?
8. If you have a heart throb of 72, what does that indicate?
9. Where does the popular song say Johnny will sleep again when the war's ended?
10. Rosinante was whose bonny steed in literature?
11. Where do you see a white elephant on a national flag?
12. What countries did the following rule: Khan? Lama? Mogul? Negus?

Answers to Quiz in No. 24

1. Constable, bailiff or sheriff's officer.
2. Castle Blarney, Cork.
3. One born in South Africa of European parents.
4. Louisa Alcott.
5. A female pendant.
6. Puccini.
7. "I Pagliacci."
8. In Scandinavian mythology the celestial regions frequented by the souls of slain heroes.
9. Prebendary Carlile.
10. The cricketer's almanack.
11. Alfred Lord Tennyson.
12. A student of coleoptera—species of sheath-winged insects.

Answers to Square Word in No. 24

HARM, AREA, SILK, TIME, EACH, MICA, AXIS, KNOT, EASE, SUDS, WOOL, ALTO, STEW, TELL, EASY.

GRIND-STONES

MILLSTONES, an integral part of all windmills, never wear out. When a new mill is built, stones are usually brought from derelict mills and built in. The history of some stones in use to-day can be traced back through several mills.

A pair of grindstones may weigh anything up to two tons. Now and again they must be dismantled and "dressed" to keep their grinding surfaces in perfect condition.

Sometimes a miller will work for hours, chipping the stones with a chisel-like instrument, until they have acquired the necessary keenness.

The picture shows millstones being made at the Isle of Dogs in the East End of London.



It looks easy, but there's an art in this work, which has been handed down in the craft for centuries. Whether it is driven by wind, water, or modern power, the millstone remains the same.

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

"Ah!" I said. "So you know—" "Yes," interrupted Conseil, "the commander of the *Nautilus* has invited us to visit to-morrow, in company with monsieur, the magnificent fisheries of Ceylon. He did it handsomely, and like a real gentleman."

"So he did," I said. "And he gave you no detail about—" "Nothing, Mr. Naturalist. You will go with us, won't you?" "I?—oh, of course! I see it is to your taste, Ned."

"Yes, it will be very curious."

"You are right, Ned," said I; then trying to assume Captain Nemo's careless tone, "are you afraid of sharks, Ned?" "I!" answered the Canadian, "a harpooner by profession. It is my business to laugh at them."

"Well, and you, Conseil, what do you think of sharks?"

The pain that is all pleasure will change for the pleasure that is all but pain. W. S. Gilbert.

"If monsieur means to face the sharks," said Conseil, "I do not see why his faithful servant should not face them with him!"

Night came. I went to bed and slept badly.

The next day, at 4 a.m., I rose rapidly, dressed, and went into the saloon. Captain Nemo was waiting for me there.

"Are we to put on our diving dresses?"

"Not yet. I have not allowed the *Nautilus* to come too near this coast, and we are still some way off Manaar Bank; but I have ordered the boat to be got ready, and it will take us to the exact

point for landing, which will save us a rather long journey. It will have on board our diving dresses, and we shall put them on as soon as our submarine exploration begins."

Captain Nemo accompanied me to the central staircase, which led to the platform. Ned and Conseil were there, delighted at the notion of the pleasure party which was being prepared. Five sailors from the *Nautilus*, oars in hand, awaited us in the boat, which had been made fast against the side.

The night was yet dark. I looked towards the land, but saw nothing but a faint line inclosing three-quarters of the horizon from south-west to north-west. The *Nautilus* having moved up the western coast of Ceylon during the night, was now on the west of the bay, or rather gulf, formed by the land and the Island of Manaar.

There under the dark waters stretched the oyster-bank, an inexhaustible field of pearls, the length of which is more than twenty miles.

Our course was in a southerly direction. The rowers did not hurry themselves. I noticed that their vigorous strokes only succeeded each other every ten seconds, according to the method in use by the navy.

At 6 a.m. it became daylight suddenly, with that rapidity peculiar to the tropical regions. I saw the land distinctly, with a few trees scattered here and there. The boat neared Manaar Island; Captain Nemo rose from his seat and watched the sea.

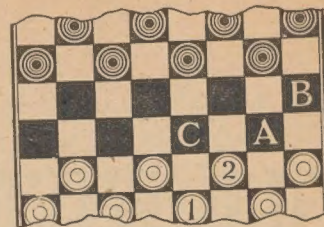
At a sign from him the anchor was dropped, but it had but a little distance to fall, for it was scarcely more than a yard to the bottom, and this was one of the highest points of the oyster-bank.

We were soon imprisoned to the throat in our indiarubber dresses, and the air apparatus was fixed to our backs by means of braces. There was no need for the Ruhmkorff apparatus. Before putting

IT'S "DAFT"—

—but if you've got a set of draughts it'll speed a cheery hour for you.

YOU play this new game, "Dafts," with an ordinary set of draughts, and put the pieces out in the normal way, using the black squares only. There is no taking of pieces in this game, the object being simply to invade all your opponent's home squares, as in halma.



Hop It

The unique feature of the game lies in the "hop." You can hop over both your own men and your opponent's, but though the hop is done as in draughts, instead of taking off the piece you hop over, you put it on any unoccupied square of the board you choose.

You must move it (except in the case of the final rule, but you can put it where you like—where it will help you to make a "run," or where it will blockade your opponent's advance.

You can make an ordinary, simple, one-square move if you choose, and you can go backwards and forwards without restriction throughout the game.

There is a special rule with regard to runs. A run can only be made if you hop over black and white alternately, and ALL the men hopped over must be moved. (You can dodge part of this rule when you have hopped over three men, by the formality of letting the two of the same colour change places.)

Runs can zig-zag backwards and forwards, just as kings do in draughts, but there is no "huffing." That is, you are not

bound to hop or to complete a run if you prefer not to do so.

Here is the final rule. Once in your opponent's back row, you must remain there. If you enter that row by hopping over a piece in the back row but one, that piece need not be moved unless you wish.

A Good Start

The best first move of the game is shown in the diagram (the back rows of each side being omitted). Hop 1 over to square A, and move 2 either to square B or square C. In square B it will hinder black from playing, but in square C it will help you to get more men out.

It occasionally happens that a player finds himself unable to move because his pieces are completely blocked, in which case he calls "Daft!" His opponent must then take another turn so as to remove the blockage.

If a player infringes any of the rules—hopping over two pieces of the same colour in succession, for instance—his opponent may call "Daft!" and place all the wrongly moved pieces on any squares of the board he chooses. The opponent, having done this, makes the next move.

If, for any reason, "Daft!" is called unjustly, the crier forfeits his next turn.

Apart from these three cases, no player can have two turns running.

WALTER SHEPHERD.

on the copper cap I had asked Captain Nemo about it.

"We shall not require it," said he. "We shall not go to any great depth, and the solar rays will give us light enough. Besides, it would be very imprudent to use an electric lantern under these waters; its brilliancy might unexpectedly attract some of the dangerous inhabitants of these shores."

I had one more question to ask Captain Nemo.

"Our weapons?" I asked, "our guns?"

"Guns! what for? Do not the mountaineers attack the bear dagger in hand, and is not steel surer than lead? Here is a stout blade; put it in your belt, and we will start."

I looked at my companions. They were armed like us, and more than this, Ned Land brandished an enormous harpoon which he had put into the boat before leaving the *Nautilus*.

Directly afterwards we were landed in about five feet of water upon a firm sand. Captain Nemo gave us a sign with his hand. We followed him, and going down a gentle slope, we disappeared under the waves.

The sun already sent a sufficient light under the water. The least object could be distinctly seen. After ten minutes' walk we were about sixteen feet under water, and the ground became nearly level.

About seven o'clock we were at last on the bank of pintadines, where the pearl oysters breed by millions.

Captain Nemo pointed out this prodigious accumulation of pintadines, and I understood that this mine was really inexhaustible, for the creative force of Nature is greater than the destructive instinct of man. Ned Land, faithful to this instinct, hastened to fill a net, which he carried at his side, with the finest of the molluscs.

Sometimes we rounded high rocks in the form of pyramids. Continued on Page 3.



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

JITTERBUG ACE WAS A PEG LEG

A marine with an artificial leg has won a big jitterbug contest at Vallejo, California, cables John Walters from New York.

No one suspected this, as the marine and his girl partner astonished hundreds by their fast-stepping feet, big leaps and lightning twirls.

The case was reported recently by a naval medical officer at a meeting of the American College of Surgeons as an example of the great comfort and efficiency of modern artificial limbs.

HEARD THESE

"I want to get into some business where I am sure to get a foothold."

"That's easy. Become a chiropodist."

First A.B.: "When are you thinking of getting married?" Second A.B.: "Constantly."

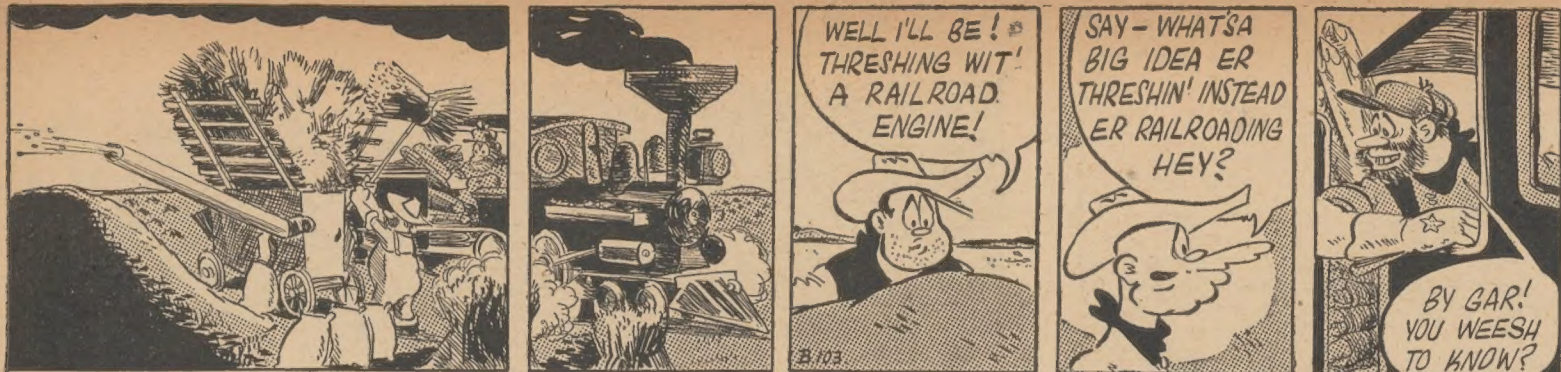
Father: "How are you getting on at school, John?" Son: "Be a sport, Dad; I never ask you how you're getting on at the office."

JANE

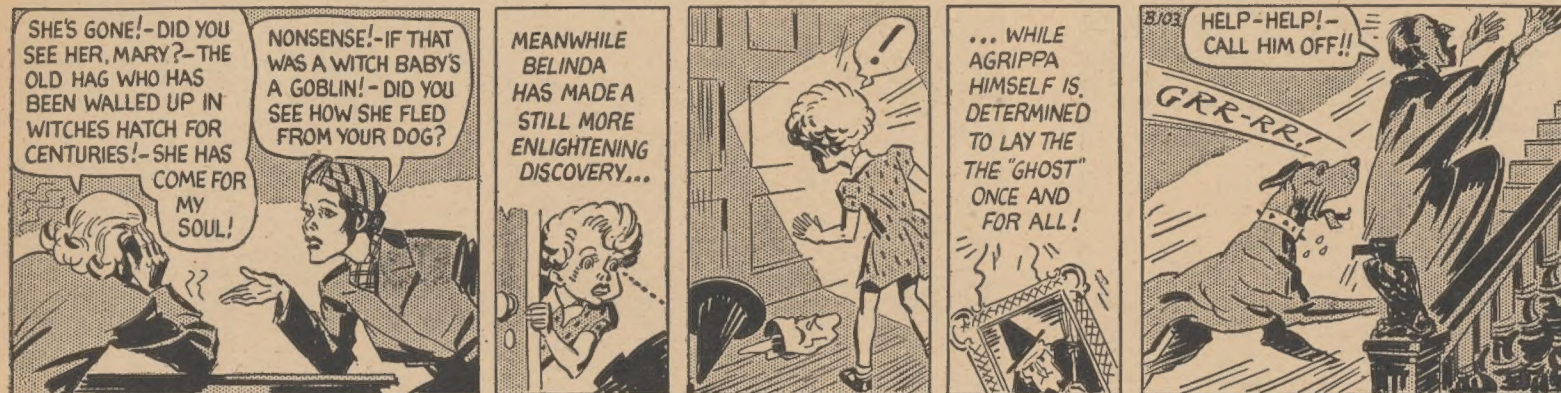


WEEK!—"QUEEN JANE"

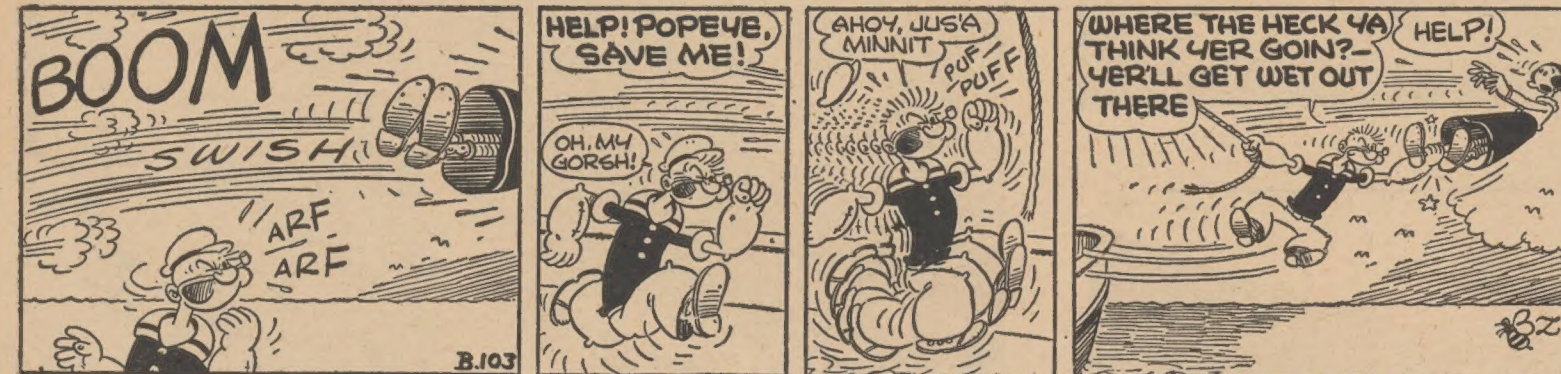
Beelzebub Jones



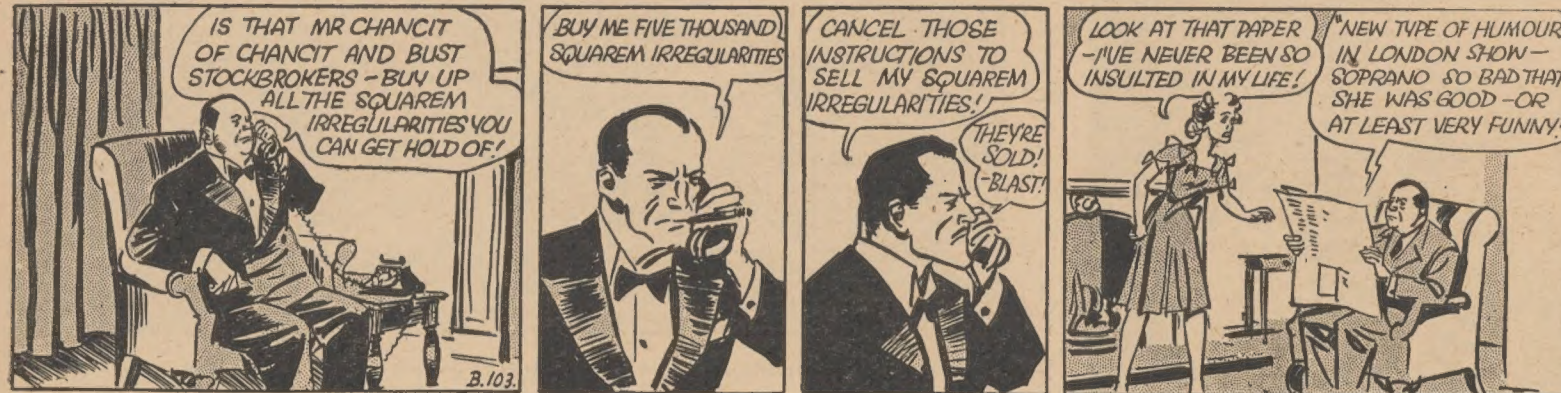
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

In their dark fractures immense crustacea, reared up on their hind paws like some war-machine, looked at us with fixed eyes, and under our feet crawled annelides and other curious creatures.

At this moment there opened before us a vast grotto, hollowed in a picturesque cluster of rocks, and carpeted with seaweed. At first this grotto appeared very dark to me. The solar rays seemed to die out there in successive gradations. The clear light became drowned light.

Captain Nemo entered. We followed him. My eyes soon became accustomed to the relative darkness. I saw the springing of the vault so capriciously distorted, supported by natural pillars, widely seated on their granitic bases, like the heavy columns of Tuscan architecture. Why did our incomprehensible guide lead us into the depths of this submarine crypt? I should soon know.

(Continued to-morrow)

AND NOW—An Airplane Submarine

By
STUART MARTIN

WE give this for what it is worth. Maybe it is not worth much, but—you never know in these days of secret armaments! Anyway, let technicians and submarine men argue about it if they care.

They — and "they" mean people who get into the papers — say that Japan experts have been working for some time on an airplane-submarine. It carries two torpedoes and a machine gun. It can be operated in the air or under the sea. It has been tested in one of the Japanese naval bases, and is said to have fulfilled all expectations.

Sceptics say the story is all bunk. But who ever saw all that was going on in Jap dock-yards or munition factories? Sir Herbert Russell, K.C.B., has said that when he was in Japan on the staff of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) photos were taken of certain groups during the tour at the invitation (and with the permission) of the Jap Government.

But when the pictures were developed, it was observed that the background was always a group of Jap officials and officers, so placed that they screened anything beyond!

The Jap airplane-submarine invention, according to those who believe in it, rises in the air like a tiny plane. When it lands on the surface of the sea its wings can fold up, the cockpit becomes the conning tower, and a periscope shoots up. Inside a few minutes it can submerge. Remember the one-man submarines that were said to have appeared off the Australian coast?

But the Japs are credited with the idea that numbers of these airplane - submarines can do more damage at smaller cost

than even a battleship. The theory is that if a fleet of these tiny craft flew over an enemy concentration or landed on the water during darkness, they could submerge, then pop up and launch their missiles, with results that would confuse the enemy. As for losses—when did the Japs consider losses in gaining an objective?

The airplane-submarine is not intended for long flights. As a plane, its range is about 200 miles. As a submarine it can cruise about the same distance. The crews are said to have undergone a special "hardening" process. The invention is intended, not for attack far from home, but for breaking up formations of attackers. It may be the weapon the Japs are keeping secret for the time when Japan is on the defensive, protecting her own shores.

That is the story. You can't expect the Japs to deny or confirm it, can you?

NELSON'S COLUMN

EAST MOLESEY Cricket Club play on a ground that has been the scene of cricket for 200 years.

Now they are buying it—as a memorial to one of their members, Captain F. E. Smith, of the New Zealand Army, who fell at Alamein last October.

General Freyburg, V.C., commanding the New Zealand Forces in the Middle East, has sent the club this note:—

"All comrades F. E. Smith approve Molesey Cricket Club's fitting memorial to brilliant all-rounder who fell in gallant action at Alamein."

And in that F. E. Smith Memorial Ground, a brilliant all-rounder's name will be enshrined for ever.

FLAT-RACE jockey Dick Perryman is giving up riding winners—to train them. He has been granted a licence by the Jockey Club, following his discharge from the Army through injuries received in a motoring accident.

Perryman, first jockey to Lord Derby since 1936, would have ridden last year's Derby winner, Watling Street, but for that crash.

Tough, so to be robbed of the honour after waiting 20 years for it to come his way.

SERGEANT HOWIE SPENCELEY, Canadian Army boxer, with a long succession of wins to his credit in North America, approached John Harding, match-maker to the Queensberry Club, London, with this request: "Give me a show in one fight. If I win, maybe I'll get another chance. If I lose—forget all about me."

Spenceley got his fight—and lost it. But Harding did not forget. He gave the husky Canadian another chance.

To-day, Howie Spenceley is outstanding among the younger heavyweights battling in this old country.

TEST record-breaker Len Hutton, of England and Yorkshire, back to cricket this summer after prolonged operations on a complicated fracture of the left arm, has been getting fit—by weight-lifting.

Hutton, after delicate bone-grafting operations had partially restored the use of the injured arm, found that he could make every batting stroke except his favourite—the cover drive.

To tone up his muscles so that he could bat again with complete freedom, he spent months at a gymnasium lifting weights with that one arm.

Now, on his discharge from the Army, he is to play again for the Bradford team of his birthplace—the Yorkshire village of Pudsey St. Lawrence.

Here's wishing him the best of luck . . . for his own sake—and England's.

TAILPIECE . . . In a boxing tournament staged by a Royal Artillery unit somewhere in England, eight of the fights finished in the first round, including one in three seconds and another in six.

Is this what they mean by eight rounds rapid?

JOHN NELSON.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10				
11		12			13		14
		15			16		
17	18			19		20	
		21			22		
23	24		25			26	27
28		29			30		
31				32			33
	34					35	
36				37			

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Receive as true.
 - 6 Crease.
 - 9 Spoil.
 - 10 Dissolute.
 - 11 Native of Brittany.
 - 13 Tackle.
 - 15 Understanding.
 - 16 Social reception.
 - 17 Reticence.
 - 20 Perceive.
 - 21 Remains of building.
 - 23 Small amount.
 - 25 Seemliness.
 - 28 In front of.
 - 30 Garden tool.
 - 31 Observance.
 - 32 Rumour.
 - 34 Deep gorge.
 - 35 Young person.
 - 36 Celebrated.
 - 37 Thick set.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Yellow fossil resin.
 - 2 Vehicle.
 - 3 Ship's companies.
 - 4 Thrust out.
 - 5 Bronze.
 - 6 Port of Latvia.
 - 7 Employers.
 - 8 Foreign country house.
 - 12 Rank.
 - 14 Cereal.
 - 16 Intonation.
 - 18 Building.
 - 19 Content.
 - 22 Readily.
 - 23 Obstruct.
 - 24 Sum.
 - 26 Domain.
 - 27 Like mire.
 - 29 Tear.
 - 32 Salad plant.
 - 33 Slight blow.

NASAL FEAST
VIGILANCE
WADES LAURA
AIL PIT TIT
FLEE RECENT
F FLORA E
LISTEN TABS
EMU ASS GET
SALTS LAIRS
GLEEFULLY
KEYED REELS

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

A - W E E L !



Some people go to great length to achieve something, whilst others apparently, get there by doing things in a small way. The stilted youth on your right is positively High Hat, but "Knees up Mother Brown" seems to be getting there just the same.



SECRETS—



Can't you hear Jennifer saying, "Now, they've never seen anything like you before, so just behave like you do at home. Basenjis are a breed that don't bark, you know; so I feel quite sure that no matter what I tell you, you'll keep mum."

This England..



Ancient and modern. A corner of Stratford-on-Avon so typically English. And just as typically English is the small boy who has had a sudden inspiration to jot something down. He may have left that newspaper in the letter-box, and be doing a spot of book-keeping. Or he may be having a brain-wave about the history question for homework to-night. Now, which is it?



STRIP-TEASED

Those who say "It's an ill wind, etc.," will have a job deciding what good the typhoon has done to this chick, so completely de-feathered. Why? He doesn't even know himself.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"So THAT'S a nudist."

